

THE DOLL MAN

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10¢

Quarterly

SPRING
ISSUE
No 5



4

THRILLING
STORIES FEATURING
THE MIGHTY
DOLL
MAN

CRAMMED
FULL OF ACTION
AND SUSPENSE!

A.S. BRYANT

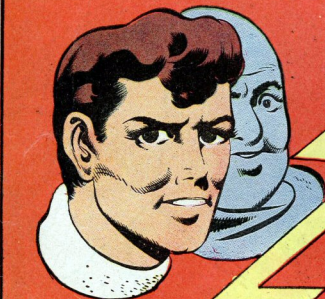


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BOY! OH, BOY! TWO!
TWO TREMENDOUS
NEW FEATURES!... IN THE NEW
HIT COMICS,,

KID ETERNITY

AND IN
THE NEW
CRACK
COMICS



AND HIS
SIDEKICK,
KEEPER



CAPTAIN
TRIUMPH!

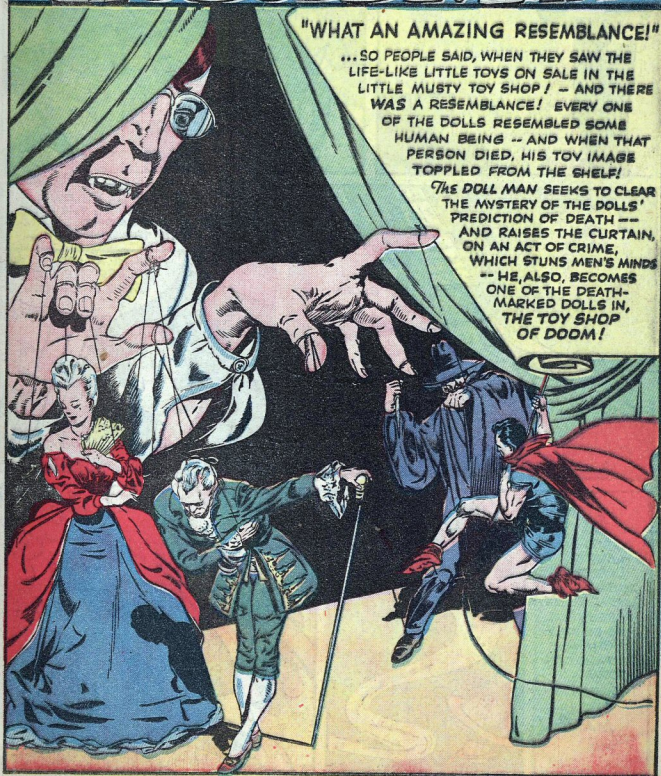
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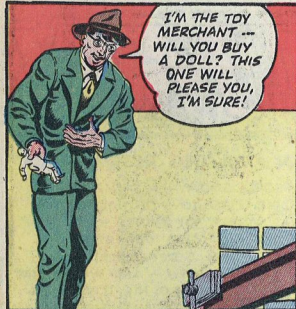
The DOLL MAN

"WHAT AN AMAZING RESEMBLANCE!"

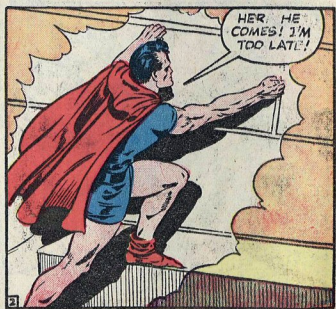
...SO PEOPLE SAID, WHEN THEY SAW THE LIFE-LIKE LITTLE TOYS ON SALE IN THE LITTLE MUSTY TOY SHOP! -- AND THERE WAS A RESEMBLANCE! EVERY ONE OF THE DOLLS RESEMBLED SOME HUMAN BEING -- AND WHEN THAT PERSON DIED, HIS TOY IMAGE TOPPLED FROM THE SHELF!

THE DOLL MAN SEEKS TO CLEAR THE MYSTERY OF THE DOLLS' PREDICTION OF DEATH -- AND RAISES THE CURTAIN, ON AN ACT OF CRIME, WHICH STUNS MEN'S MINDS -- HE, ALSO, BECOMES ONE OF THE DEATH-MARKED DOLLS IN, THE TOY SHOP OF DOOM!





The
WORLD AT
LARGE
DOESN'T
KNOW THAT
DARREL DANE
POSSESSES
THE POWER
TO CHANGE
INTO ANOTHER
FORM
THE MIGHTY
DOLL
MAN!



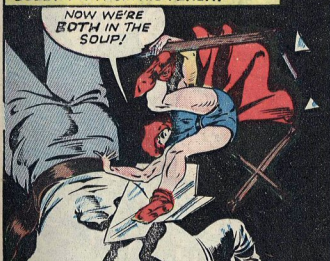
DOWN HURTLES ANGELO PAVANI! — WITH NOTHING TO BAR HIS PATH TO THE STREET, HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW!



NOTHING? — NOTHING BUT THE DOLL MAN!

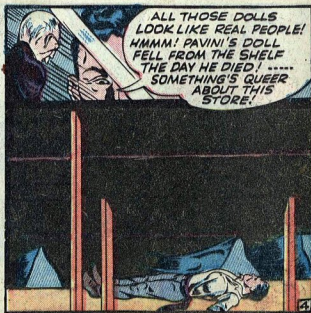


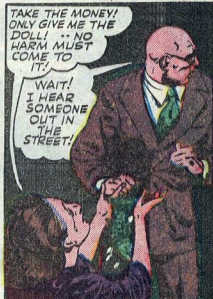
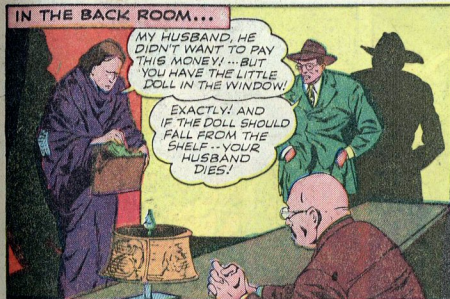
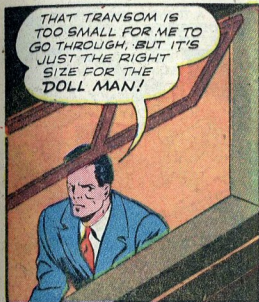
THE TERRIFIC MOMENTUM YANKS THE DOLL MAN FROM HIS PERCH!

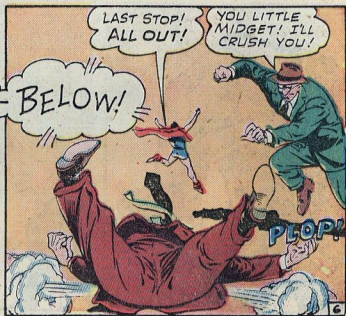
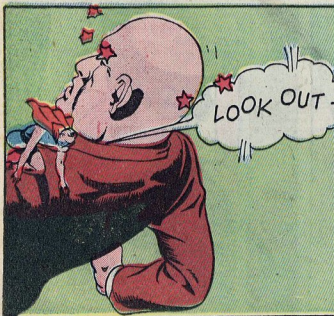
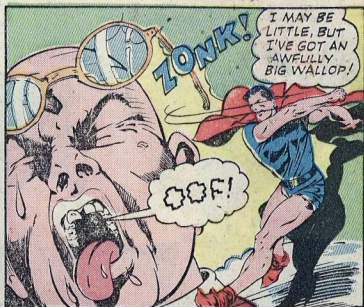
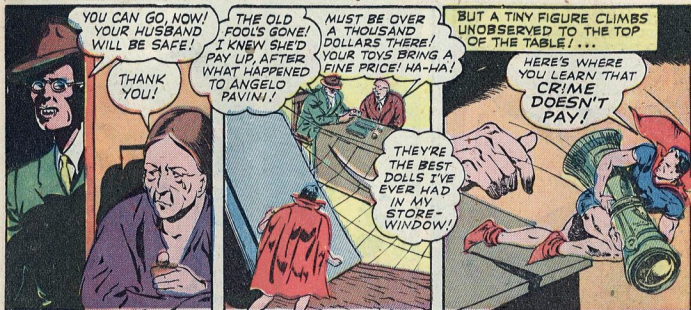


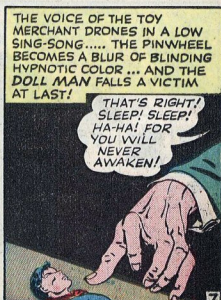
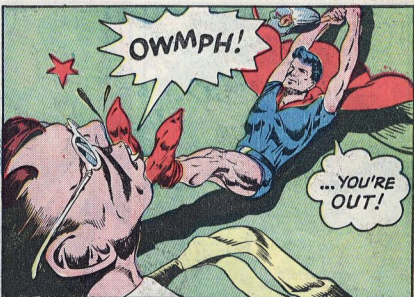
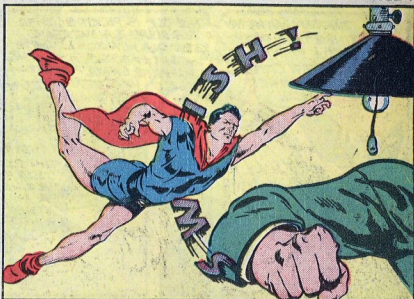


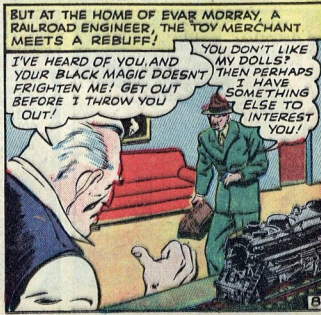
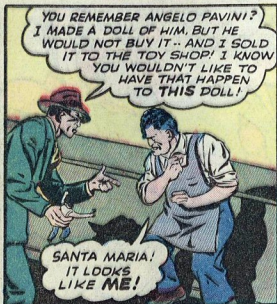
AND, WHILE THE DOLL MAN TRIES TO KEEP HIS BALANCE...



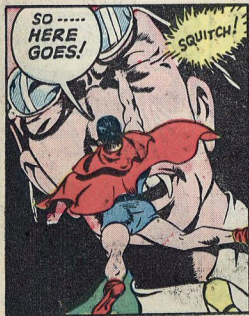
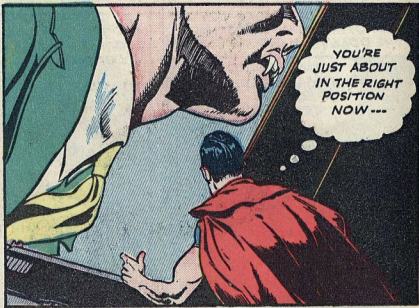


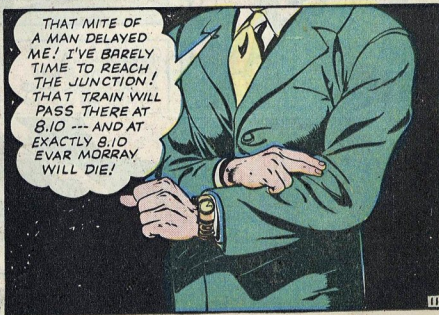
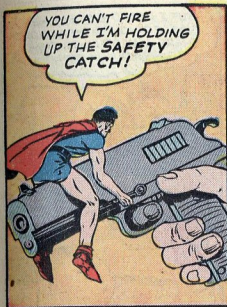




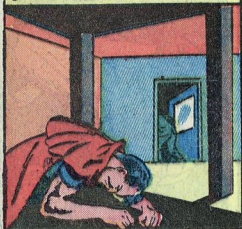








BUT THE MIGHTY **DOLL MAN** IS NOT DEAD. AS THE EVIL TOY MERCHANT LEAVES, **DOLL MAN** FIGHTS OFF THE EFFECTS OF HIS FALL...



HE CAUGHT ME NAPPING, THAT TIME!



BUT I HEARD HIM SAY HE WAS GOING TO THE JUNCTION. THERE MAY STILL BE TIME TO HEAD HIM OFF!



TAXI!

I MUST GET THERE QUICKLY!



TO THE JUNCTION, PLEASE!

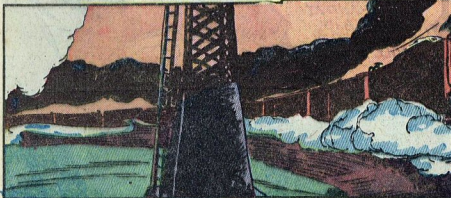
YES, MAM!

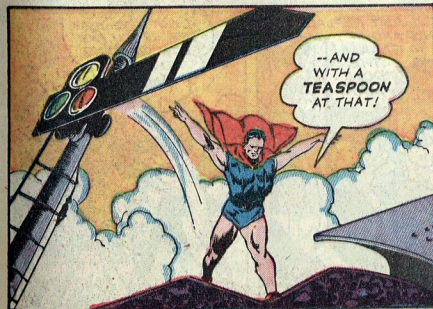
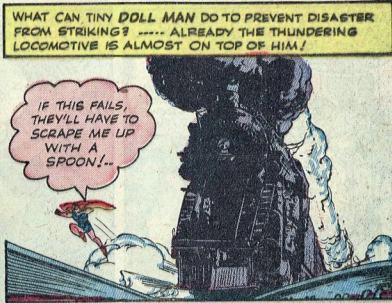


THIS IS WHAT I CALL SERVICE!



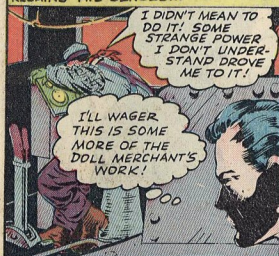
Meanwhile... A LOCOMOTIVE ROARS AT BREAKNECK SPEED TOWARD THE JUNCTION!



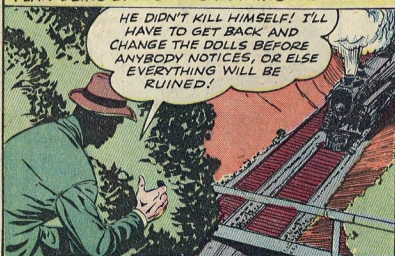




AS THE FATAL MINUTES PASS, EVAR MORRAY, THE RAILROAD ENGINEER, REGAINS HIS SENSES...

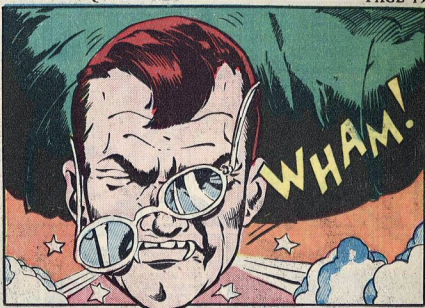


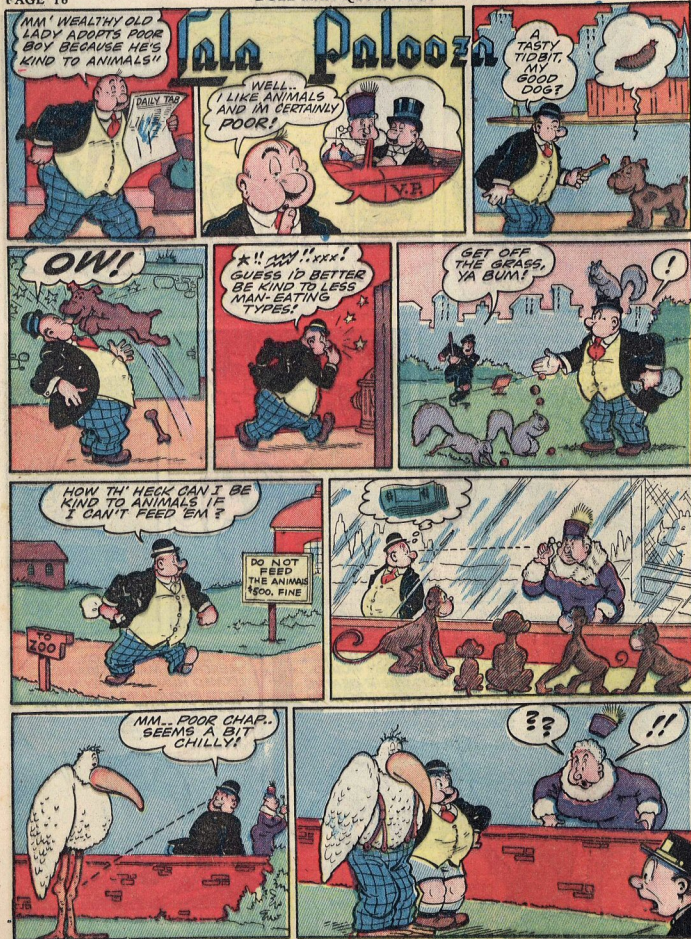
THE **DOLL MAN** GUESSED RIGHT! NOT FAR AWAY, THE DOLL MERCHANT WATCHES HIS MURDEROUS PLAN BEING BROUGHT TO NOTHING!...



SOME TIME LATER, THE TOY MERCHANT LETS HIMSELF INTO HIS SHOP...







THE DOLL MAN

and the
TALKING TIGER...



HEARD OF PINK ELEPHANTS?...
PURPLE ALLIGATORS?... BUT HOW
ABOUT A **TALKING TIGER**? IT
STUMPED YOU ON THAT ONE, DIDN'T
WE? AND IT ALMOST STUMPED
THE **DOLL MAN**, THAT FIGHTING
ATOM... WITH A BODY AS SMALL AS
A RABBIT, BUT A PUNCH AS BIG
AS A SLEDGEHAMMER! YET HE HAD
TO UNRAVEL A MAZE OF MYSTERY
BEFORE HE COULD DELIVER THE
FINAL BLOW THAT MADE THE
TALKING TIGER SAY 'UNCLE!'



DARREL DANE FINDS A NOTE FROM HIS FIANCEE

Dear Darrel...
Father's old friend,
Commander Byrton,
insisted we spend
the week-end with
him. He just
returned from
South America with
interesting specimens.
Meet us at his place.
Lock the door.
Martha

SPENDING A
WEEK-END LOOKING
AT PRIZE MONKEYS!
YE GODS, WE COULD
GO TO THE ZOO
FOR THAT!



AT COMMANDER BYRTON'S
COUNTRY HOME, THE FAMOUS
EXPLORER EXHIBITS HIS RECENTLY
ACQUIRED SPECIMENS FROM
JUNGLE TERRITORY...



MY EXPEDITION TO THE
AMAZON HEAD-WATERS
WAS QUITE A SUCCESS...
THESE FUZZ-TAILED...
MONKEYS ARE RARER
THAN HENS' TEETH

ORCHIDS!..
HOW
BEAUTIFUL!

YES, ORCHIDS..
ALWAYS
VALUABLE.



TALKING TIGER!
..IS THERE SUCH
A THING?.. THE
CAGE IS EMPTY,
I SEE..

TALKING
TIGER..



THERE IS A TALKING
TIGER ACCORDING TO
WHITE INDIAN LEGEND..
I HOPED TO BRING IT
BACK!



AH, MY
PRIZE EXHIBIT.
THIS SPECIE
OF BIRD WAS
PROCLAIMED
EXTINCT FIFTY
YEARS AGO.
I FOUND A PAIR.
THUS THEY ARE
THE ONLY TWO
BIRDS OF
THIS KIND
ALIVE IN THE
WORLD
TODAY!

THEY MUST BE
EXTREMELY
VALUABLE TO
MODERN SCIENCE
THEN!

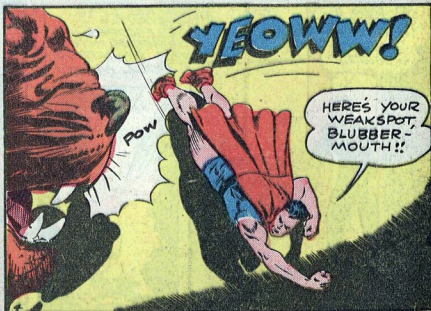
VALUABLE?!!
..PRICELESS,
ALMOST! I'M
WAITING FOR
BIDS FROM
VARIOUS ZOOS
AND MUSEUMS,
THEY GO ON
AUCTION IN
A DAY!



THEY SHOULD BRING ME
AT LEAST...ONE
HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLARS!









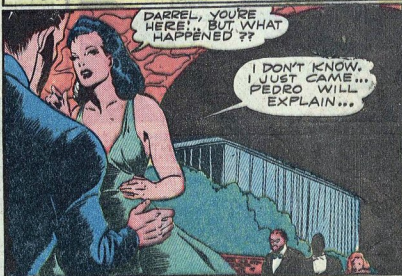
MY MISTAKE!... KNOCKING HIM OUTSIDE! HE'S SLIPPED AWAY IN THE DARK!... WHICH LEAVES ME IN THE DARK TOO... ..WAS IT A TIGER?... A MAN?... OR A TIGERMAN?

THE DOLL MAN RETURNS TO HIS ROLE OF DARREL DAVE..

GRACIAS SENOR! HE WANT TO STEAL VUPA BIRDS WORT' HONORED T'OUSAND PESOES... I MEAN BUCKS!

HMM! MOTIVATION.. ROBBERY!!

THE COMMOTION HAS BEEN HEARD AT THE HOUSE..



DARREL, YOU'RE HERE... BUT WHAT HAPPENED ??

I DON'T KNOW. I JUST CAME... PEDRO WILL EXPLAIN...

PEDRO'S STORY IS LAUGHED AT!

NONSENSE, PEDRO! I DIDN'T BRING ANY TALKING TIGER BACK! YOU DREAMED IT UP... ESPECIALLY THE DOLL MAN!

SENOR BYRTON AM INSULT! I SEE TIGER TALK! I SEE LEETLE MAN!

NEXT T'ING I SEE, I SHOOT!

AT THE HOUSE... THE GUESTS CONGREGATE...



THESE OTHER GUESTS, MARTHA... KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THEM?



...A PROFESSIONAL FEMALE FORTUNE-HUNTER... SPIKE DUGAN... A RACK-ETEER... PROFESSOR LEACH... A TAXIDERMIST...



WELL, OFF TO BED!

GOOD NIGHT ALL! AND DON'T DREAM OF TALKING TIGERS! I'M CERTAIN PEDRO IMAGINED IT!!

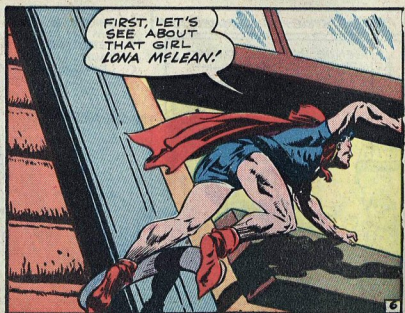


PEDRO DIDN'T IMAGINE IT... I KNOW! SOMEONE IN THIS HOUSE POSING AS THE TALKING TIGER IS AFTER THE RARE VUPA BIRDS!!

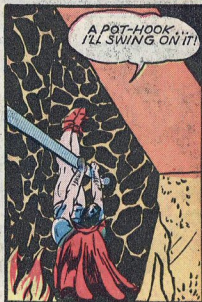
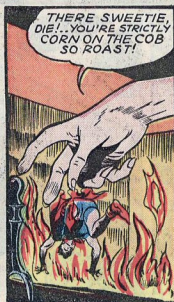
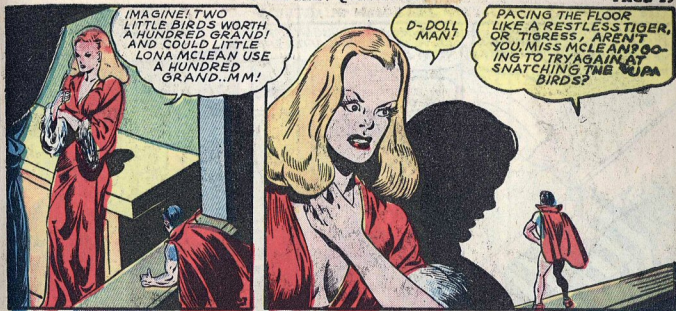
IN HIS ROOM, DARREL PONDERES...



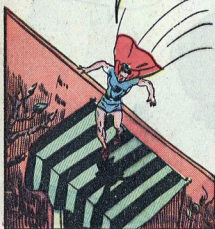
AND I THINK THE DOLL MAN HAD BETTER DO A LITTLE SNOOPING AROUND!!



FIRST, LET'S SEE ABOUT THAT GIRL LONA McLEAN!



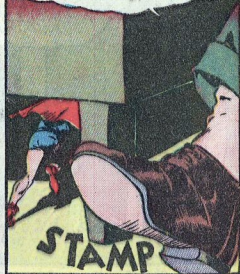
OH WELL... HERE'S SPIKE DUGAN'S ROOM, ANYWAY! I'LL SEE HOW HE FITS INTO THE PICTURE!



WOT TH---? DOLL-MAN!



YOU AIN'T PINNIN' NOthin' ON ME INSECT---



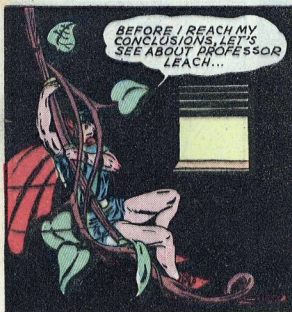
I'LL GETCHA, YA LITTLE SNEAKER!



WOW

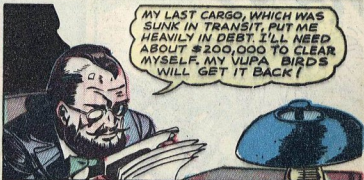
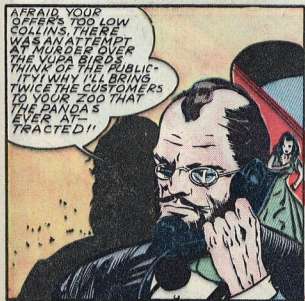


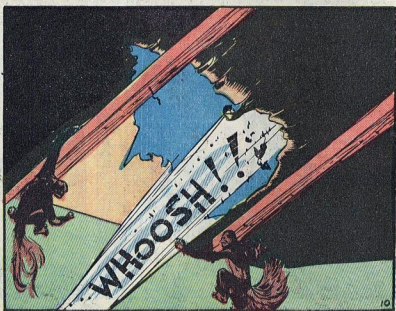
BEFORE I REACH MY CONCLUSIONS, LET'S SEE ABOUT PROFESSOR LEACH...

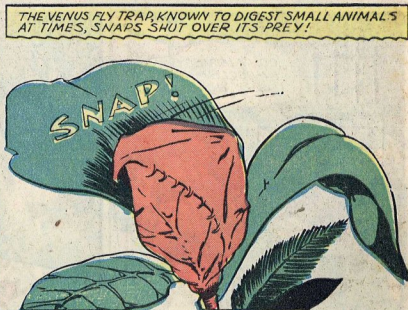
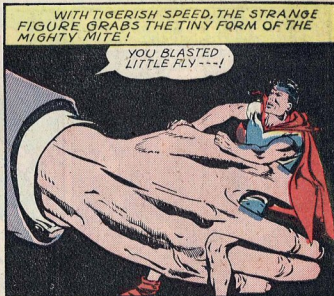
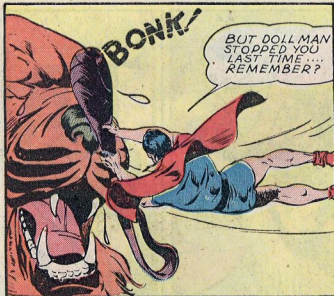


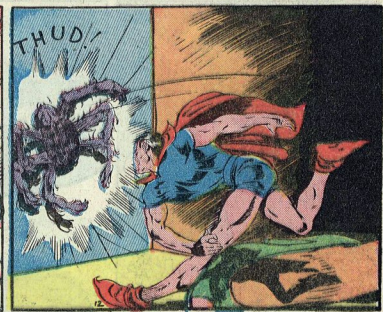
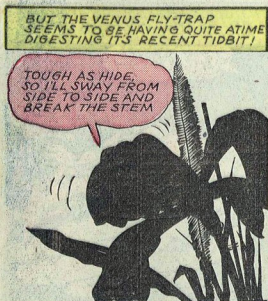
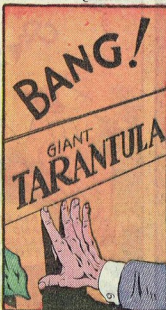
I BROUGHT THIS ALONG FROM MY COLLECTION-- TOUCHES UP THE ROOM NICELY!

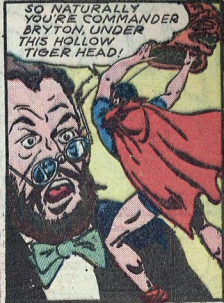






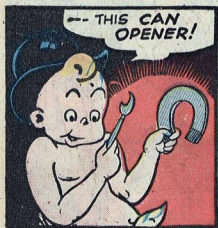
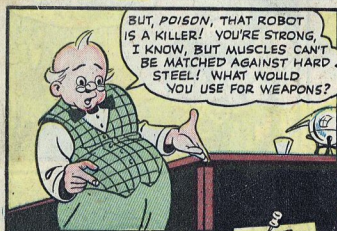
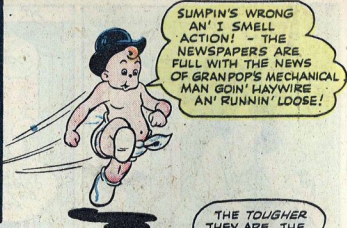




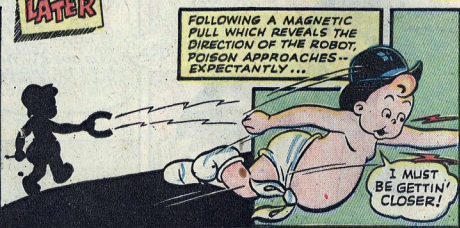


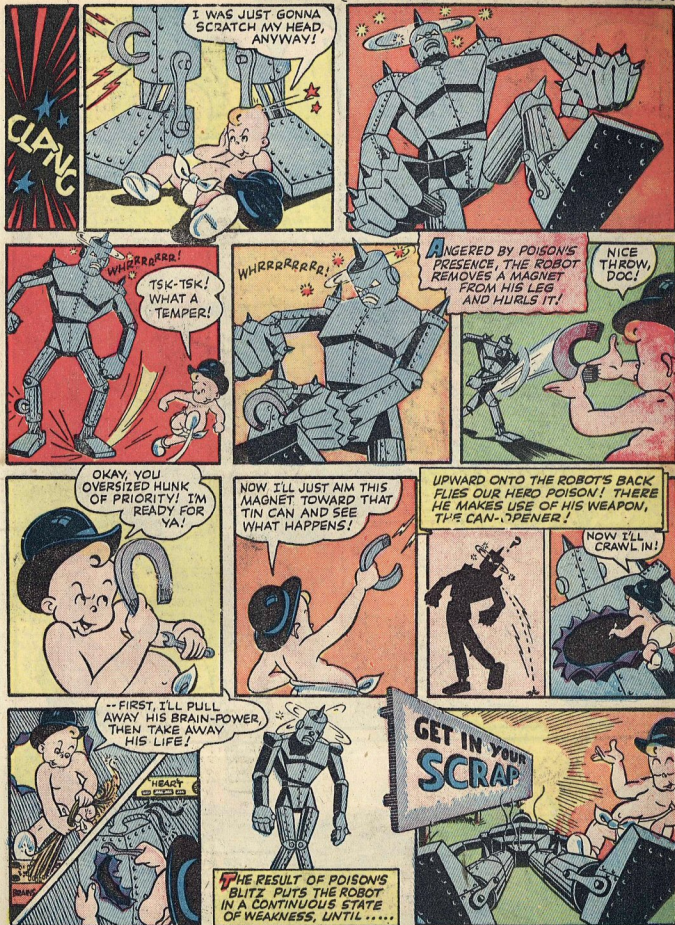
POISON IVY

The MIGHTY MITE



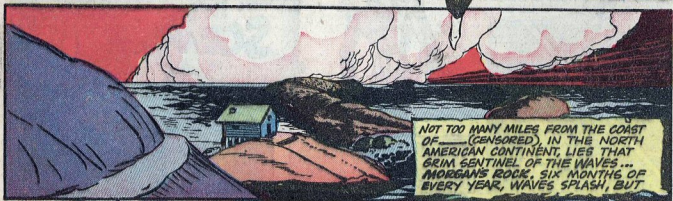
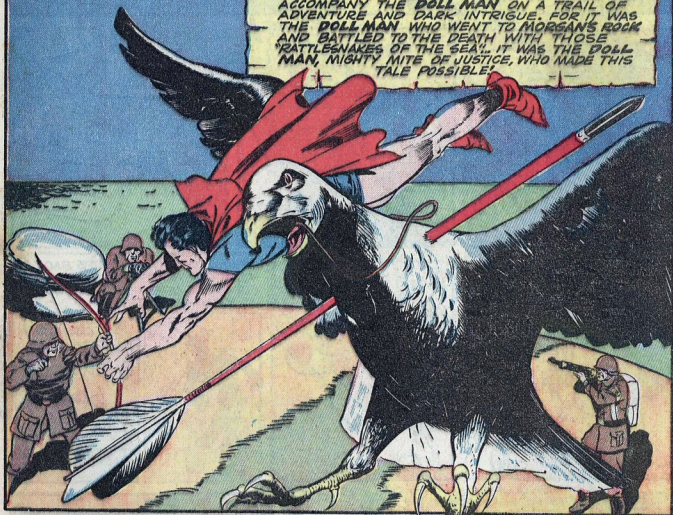
LATER





The Doll Man

YOU'VE NO DOUBT HEARD OF THE NAZI SPIES WHO LANDED ON LONG ISLAND AND FLORIDA BEACHES, AND WERE CAUGHT AND PROPERLY ATTENDED TO. BUT WE WONDER IF YOU'VE HEARD OF MORGAN'S ROCK... NOT THEN COME WITH US WHILE WE ACCOMPANY THE DOLL MAN ON A TRAIL OF ADVENTURE AND DARK INTRIGUE. FOR IT WAS THE DOLL MAN WHO WENT TO MORGAN'S ROCK AND BATTLED TO THE DEATH WITH THOSE "RATTLENAKES OF THE SEA". IT WAS THE DOLL MAN, MIGHTY MITE OF JUSTICE, WHO MADE THIS TALE POSSIBLE.

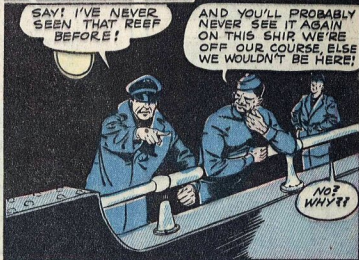


NOT TOO MANY MILES FROM THE COAST OF _____ (CENSORED), IN THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT, LIES THAT GRIM SENTINEL OF THE WAVES... MORGAN'S ROCK. SIX MONTHS OF EVERY YEAR, WAVES SPLASH, BUT

FOR THE OTHER SIX MONTHS IT STANDS ABOVE WATER, SERVING AS A GUIDE FOR SHIPS WHICH MIGHT COME WITHIN REACH OF THE TREACHEROUS REEF.



...IT IS UNUSUAL THAT A SHIP DOES PASS, FOR THE REGULAR LANES ARE MAPPED TO MISS IT BY MANY MILES.



SAY! I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT REEF BEFORE!

AND YOU'LL PROBABLY NEVER SEE IT AGAIN ON THIS SHIP WE'RE OFF OUR COURSE, ELSE WE WOULDN'T BE HERE!

NO? WHY?

THERE ARE HIDDEN REEFS ALL AROUND IT - AND IT'S CALLED MORGAN'S ROCK! THEY SAY THE PIRATE MORGAN WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO KNEW HIS WAY AROUND THIS SECTION, AND USED IT AS A HIDEOUT!

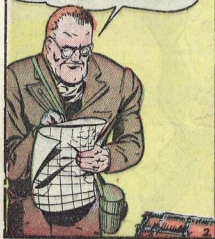


THE SHIP'S CREW FAIL TO OBSERVE A LONE FIGURE

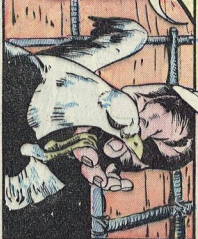


GONE! THE FOOLS HAVE LEFT. FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT THEY WOULD ATTEMPT TO COME HERE!

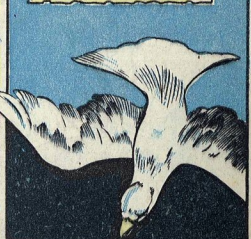
THE PLANS ARE ALL SET! I HAVEN'T MISSED ONE SMALL ITEM. THERE IS NO REASON WHY THIS VENTURE WON'T BE A SUCCESSFUL ONE!



COME OUT, MY FLUTTERY ONE... YOU HAVE A LONG JOURNEY TO MAKE!



THE PIGEON STARTS ON HIS WAY WITH THE MESSAGE...



MANY WEEKS PASS AND THE STRANGE MAN ON MORGAN'S ROCK IS FORGOTTEN, THEN, ONE NIGHT, WHEN THE WAVES ARE WHIPPING UP... A PERISCOPE BREAKS THE WATERS...



COME CLOSER, DON'T WORRY... IT IS SAFE!



YOU SEE, MORGAN'S ROCK IS NO LONGER A BARE ROCK. I HAVE MAPPED OUT THE ENTIRE SETTING, AND HAVE BUILT-ER--A HOME!



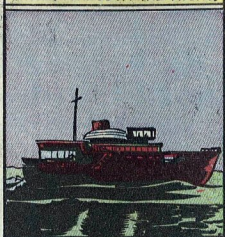
GREETINGS, HERR MANFRED.. YOUR SCHEME I SAY... IT IS PERFECT..

NO COMPLIMENTS, COMMANDER! I WANT NO PRAISE!

I WANT ACTION! TONIGHT!



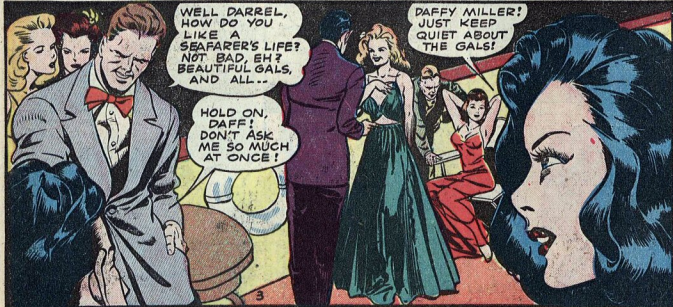
THE 'STRAINS OF DANCE MUSIC COME FORTH ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE WAVES, AS A YACHT RIDES PEACEFULLY THROUGH THE NIGHT.

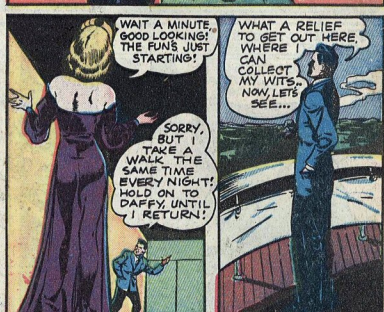


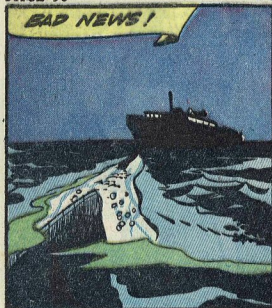
WELL DARREL, HOW DO YOU LIKE A SEAFARER'S LIFE? NOT BAD, EH? BEAUTIFUL GALS, AND ALL...

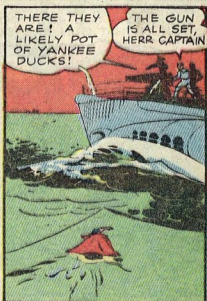
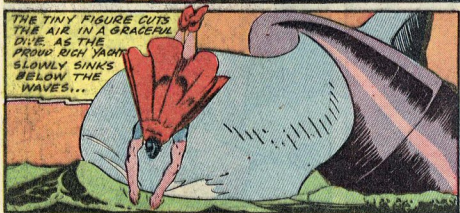
HOLD ON, DAFF! DON'T ASK ME SO MUCH AT ONCE!

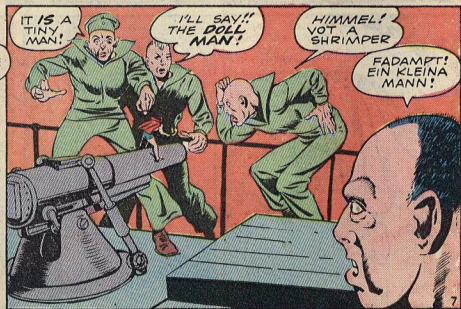
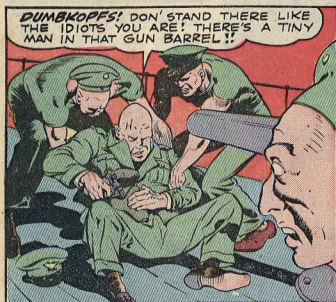
DAFFY MILLER! JUST KEEP QUIET ABOUT THE GALS!

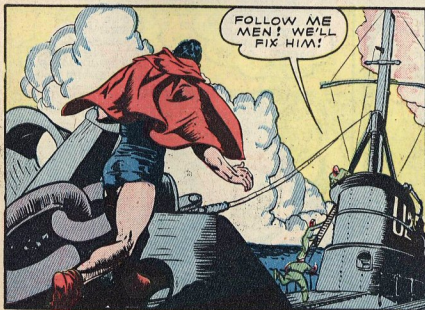
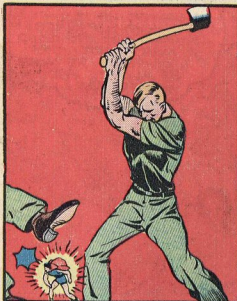
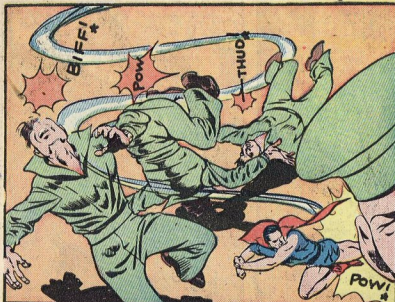


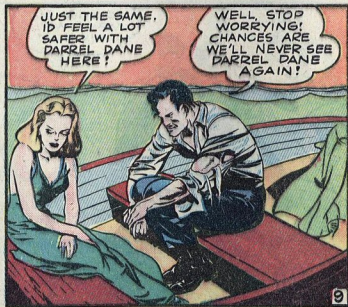
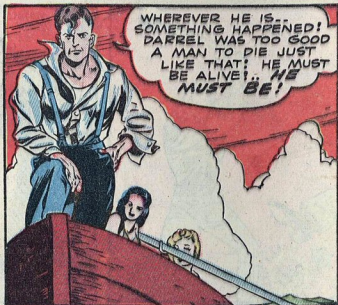












MAYBE THE PEOPLE ON THE STRANDED BOAT WON'T SEE BARREL DAVE AGAIN AND MAYBE THEY WILL, ONLY THE DOLL MAN CAN DECIDE THAT. AND RIGHT NOW HE'S BUSY. HE HAS FOLLOWED THE SUB RIGHT INTO MORGAN'S ROCK...



TELL HERR MANFRED WE ARE COMING ASHORE!

HM! SO THIS IS THE ANSWER! THEY'VE TURNED DESERTED MORGAN'S ROCK INTO A SUB BASE!... VERY CLEVER, SO FAR...



WHAT IS IT CAPTAIN? I TRUST YOU CARRIED OUT MY ORDERS EXACTLY AS I WANTED THEM!

WELL, YOU SEE... THAT IS...



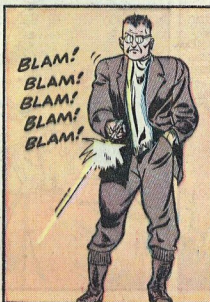
DON'T HUM HAW, AROUND SO MUCH, MAN! DID YOU INTERCEPT THE CONVOY AS ORDERED?



WE FAILED TO GET THE CONVOY, BUT WE DID SINK A YACHT... A YANKEE SHIP... AND...

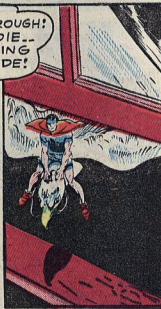
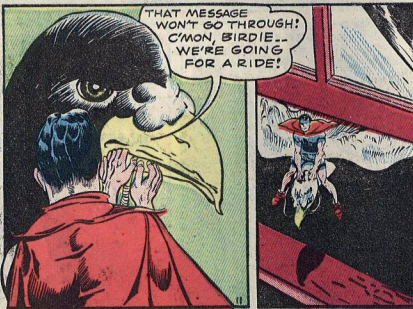
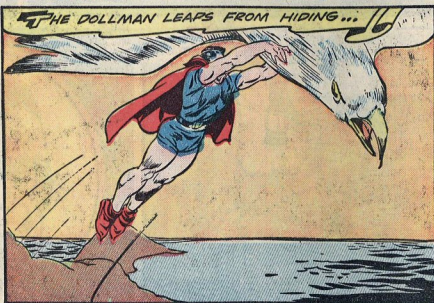


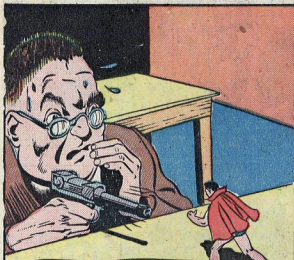
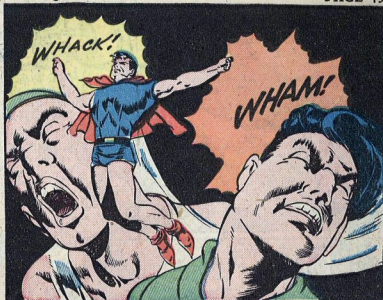
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!



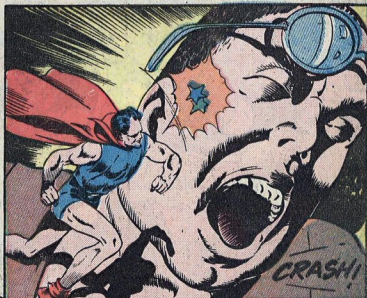
GOTT!...I...I... I'M SHOT! OOOHHH!







CALLING COAST GUARD! RAID MORGAN'S ROCK TONIGHT! IT'S A SUB BASE... HERE MANFRED USED CARRIER PIGEONS TO GET SHIPPING SCHEDULES! HE SENT SUBS AFTER THEM... AND, BY THE WAY, YOU MIGHT PICK UP A LIFEBOAT THAT'S DRIFTING FREE! THE FOLKS ON BOARD MIGHT BE HUNGRY... THAT IS ALL!!



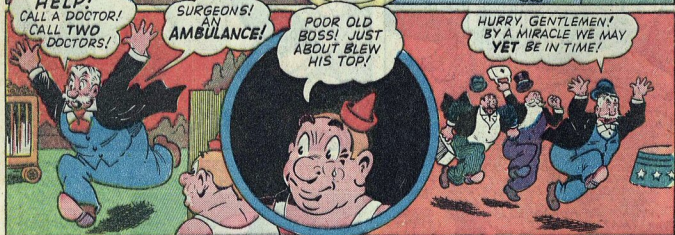
HOURS LATER DARREL ARRIVES AT MARTHA'S HOME...



SHUSH MARTHA... DON'T BLAME ME FOR NOT HELPING TO GET THOSE NAZIS! I WAS KONKED ON THE HEAD AND PICKED UP BY THE COAST GUARD, SAME AS YOU!

The
DOLL MAN
MUST NOT
BE MISSED
IN THIS
MONTH'S
ISSUE OF
**FEATURE
COMICS!**
Ask for
it at
your
FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND,
FOR VICTORY





THE DRAGON



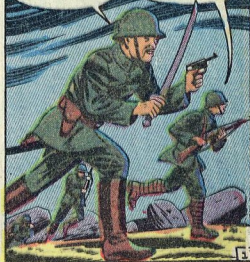
"THE DRAGON" IS THE NAME THE STUBBORN CHINESE GUERILLAS HAVE BESTOWED ON THEIR TWO FISTED MARINE LEADER RED MSGRAW WHO LEADS THEM INTO BATTLE AGAINST THE INVADING HORDES OF JAPANESE.. THE DRAGON IS MARCHING HIS MEN BACK INTO THE HILLS AFTER RIDDING THE HONAN VALLEY OF THE PLUNDERING JAPS...

HOWEVER A RANGING JAP PATROL SNEAKS UNDETECTED INTO THE VALLEY AND APPROACHES A DWELLING.



CHARGE!

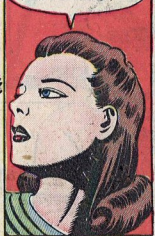
YI-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI!



IN THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE.



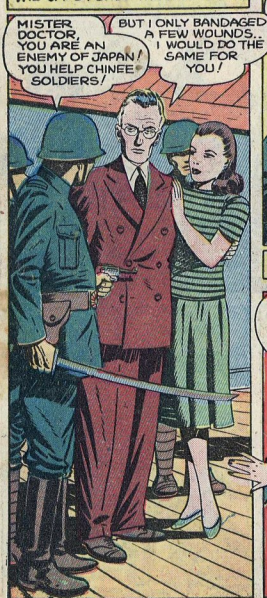
WELL I'M GOING TO LET THE PIGEON GO... THEN THE DRAGON'LL KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING!



HERE BIRDIE... OUT THE BACK WINDOW FOR YOU!



THE JAPS FORCE THEIR WAY IN...



IS NO EXCUSE... LET US SEE WHITE MAN'S MEDICINE. SAVE HIM NOW... HA, HA, HA!



JAPANESE COURTESY TO PRISONERS...A SAMURAI SWORD THRUST!

YOU BEASTS— YOU KILLED MY FATHER!

TIE HER UP! WE'LL TAKE HER BACK WITH US!



MEANWHILE THE HOMING PIGEON WINGS ITS WAY BACK UP INTO THE NEARBY HILLS..

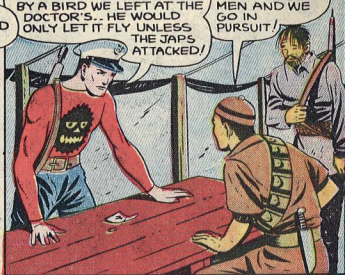


THE FAITHFUL BIRD RETURNS TO ITS LOFT!



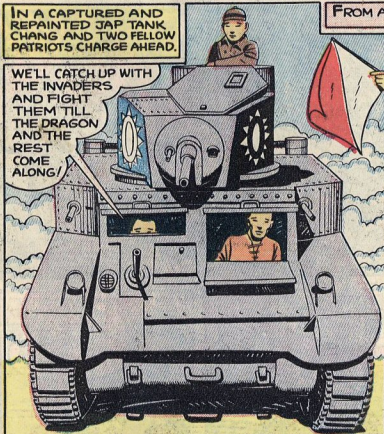
LOOK, CHANG, THIS NOTE INDICATES IT WAS CARRIED BY A BIRD WE LEFT AT THE DOCTOR'S... HE WOULD ONLY LET IT FLY UNLESS THE JAPS ATTACKED!

DOCTOR GOOD FELLOW... I GET MEN AND WE GO IN PURSUIT!



IN A CAPTURED AND REPAINTED JAP TANK CHANG AND TWO FELLOW PATRIOTS CHARGE AHEAD.

WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THE INVADERS AND FIGHT THEM TILL THE DRAGON AND THE REST COME ALONG!



FROM A HILL A CHINESE PEASANT SIGNALS...



HONORABLE SUPERIOR, SCOUT SEE TANK APPROACHING IN REAR... MAYBE DRAGON'S MEN!

EXCELLENT! PREPARE TO AMBUSH TANK- IT WAS OURS BEFORE CAPTURED AND CONTAMINATED WITH CHINESE EMBLEM!



AHEAD OF THE DRAGON'S MEN THE NIP COLUMN MARCHES.



A SQUAD OF EXPERIENCED JAP TANK FIGHTERS
WAIT FOR THE CHINESE MACHINE TO ARRIVE...



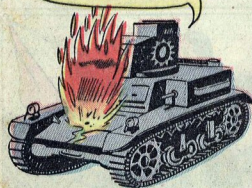
HERE IT COMES...THROW
FIRE BOMBS!

AT THEIR OFFICER'S
COMMAND THEY
HURL THEIR
IMITATIONS OF
THE
MOLOTOV
COCKTAIL.



A HIT!

WE'RE ON FIRE - COME
OUT SHOOTING!



THE REST OF THE SOLDIERS SWARM UPON THEM FROM ALL SIDES.



TAKE CHANG ALIVE
KILL OTHERS!

YOU WON'T GET ME ALIVE
TO TORTURE, YOU LITTLE
DEVILS!



CHANG BIG FELLER
BUT JU-JITSU
TAKE CARE OF
YOU!



IN A FLASH CHANG IS
HELPLESS ON THE GROUND.



NOW WE
HAVE BIG FUN
WITH YOU!

BUT USING LITTLE KNOWN PATHS AND SHORT CUTS THE DRAGON LEADS HIS GUERRILLAS TO THE SCENE OF ACTION.



SMOKE... SHOOTING THAT'S IT!



THE DIRTY RATS... THEY'RE TORTURING CHANG... AND THEY'VE STILL GOT THE GIRL!

THE DRAGON'S TOMMY GUN SPITS A STREAM OF DEATH AT THE NIPS...



NOW IT'S OUR TURN!

THE GUERRILLAS RUSH IN FOR THEIR SPECIAL BRAND OF "NO QUARTER" HAND TO HAND FIGHTING!



HERE'S ONE FOR THE DOCTOR!

WE GOT 'EM ALL!



LATER -

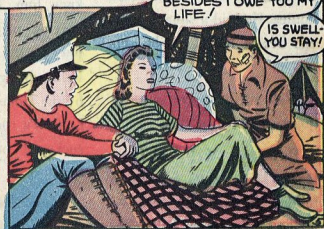
HOW ARE YOU PAL?.. HMM...NOT DOING BAD!

LET ME BANDAGE HIM!

HEAD FEEL LIKE HANGOVER! YOU COME JUST IN TIME!

YOU'RE FREE TO GO WHEREVER YOU WANT.. WE'LL EVEN ESCORT YOU TO CHUNGKING!

IF IT'S OKAY WITH THE MEN I'LL JOIN YOU! I KNOW FIRST AID AND BESIDES I OWE YOU MY LIFE!



IS SWELL- YOU STAY!

WISE GUY

EDDIE PURDY scraped the the two lead-in wires clean, hooked the clips on and slid the earphones over his head. He was breathing hard, nervously, but a wide, good natured grin settled over his mouth.

Overhead the muffled sounds of the saloon were, he thought, increasing. Saturday night in the hangout where Fabio the Killer got his phone calls. Eddie snorted. Fabio the Killer-diller! Just a big blow for his money!

* * *

He settled his flashlight on the barrelhead—away from the narrow window where he had crawled in. The yellow disc of light caught the barrels stacked one upon the other—the rows of vari-labeled bottles. He laid a square package beside his flashlight—his lunch.

Wait till the guys at headquarters heard of this.

He'd say: "Well, old Lieutenant Dope sends me out to mildew in Scalloti's cellar—trying to plug in on Killer Fa-

bio's calls. So I take along a lunch. Later on I open up a few bottles—"

The phone bell buzzed against his eardrums.

"Hello, Schus, this is Bucky. How're things stacked for tonight? Well, listen, bring a quart and come over—"

Eddie pushed the headset behind his ears. He sat half crouched over a beer keg listening to the nickelodeon thumping on the floor above. He was a tall lad, standing six feet, and weighing in at 178 on the ring scales.

This cops and robbers stuff, he told himself, on a Saturday night! It wasn't his racket! He'd like to be back in the ring.

Fabio, the Killer, sure he knew him. That's why he was playing prima donna identifier on the force right now. Being dragged here and there by the Homicide Squad at old Ludlow's command—on every cockeyed bad guess of the stoolies.

Louie Fabio had been a skinny, half-baked guy back

in the old neighborhood. He had had a gang to back him up then—hoodlums—yellow! And now he had the whole force drawing their guns and stalking the neighborhood of Little Hell.

* * *

Guns! Very gently, Eddie slipped his hand into his back pocket and laid the .38 special on the barrelopp before him. He studied the dull blue metal in the glow of the flash. He felt better without it!

These cops—all they needed was a gun between them and the world—and they were OK. Well, Eddie would lay his last dollar down that with his own two fists and six feet between him and Fabio, he would wipe up on the guy.

Eddie stood up and stretched.

His ears caught the chatter of the headphones then. It was an incoming call. To Eddie the voice was familiar:

"See if you can locate Sam Kerns there."

The barkeep said: "Don't see anybody here by that name."

Eddie listened hard—still he couldn't place the voice:

"Kerns is there, all right. Look around will you? See if you can locate him."

The barkeep began to move out of the booth then yelling: "Sam Kerns!"

"Listen, Purdy! Eddie Purdy. Get out of there quick, do you hear?" Eddie jerked up. It was his own name coming short and snappy. "805 Clark. Apartment 207!"

It was Ludlow. Eddie grinned. Old Lieutenant Dope sounded scared!

"We'll be there ahead of you, Purdy. Now get out of there!"

The barkeep came back. "He's not here."

"OK. Thanks." Ludlow hung up.

"Another bum steer!" Eddie muttered. But swiftly he switched off the flash, felt his way to the alley window.

There was a car standing there. He could hear the motor running. Well, he had to get out, didn't he? He had his orders. He would go out through the saloon!

Eddie worked his way back to the phone wires. He unclipped the headset, slipped the

apparatus under his coat, and started up the cellar stairs. There was an apron hanging on a peg at the top of the stairs.

Swaggering, Eddie put his head through the loop of the apron, tied it around him. Then he listened at the door. A heavy door, he noted, with an inside bolt—made a nice hideout.

* * *

It would have to be quick. He opened the door. There was Scallotti, the saloon owner, and standing beside him was Louie Fabio, the Killer.

Still slight and thin. The same as he'd last looked. And there was just about six feet between him and Eddie. The knot of nerves at the back of Eddie's neck began to crawl. His hands felt big and strong.

He looked at Fabio an instant. He saw that right arm bent slightly toward his pocket. The hat cocked over one ear. He felt a bristling rising at the back of his neck.

Why this Killer Fabio—he thought he was a Wise Guy—did he? Eddie dived for him. He hooked his arm around his and jerked—heaving back into the cellar.

He was grinning. "J'ever kidnap a killer?" he would ask the guys. He slammed the cellar door shut—shifted the lock.

Together they rolled down the steps. Louie, clawing, kicking. Eddie hammering away with his fists and a mighty gusty sigh escaping with each blow. It was dark. Louie's arm slipped away from him. His gun spat. They broke apart. There was hammering on the cellar door.

* * *

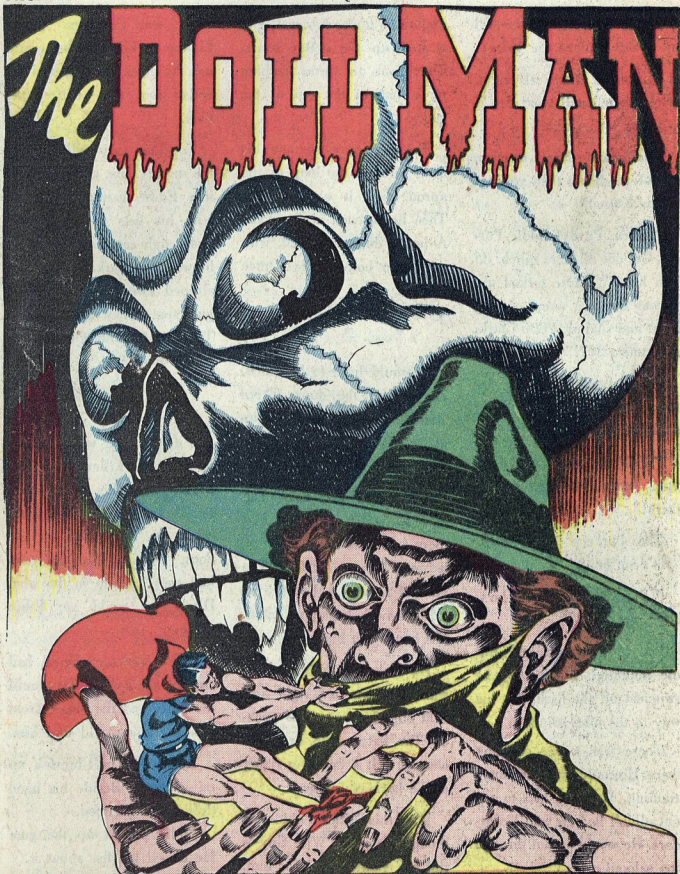
Crawling and slinking in this dank cellar where he belonged the killer made no sound. Then his gun roared again. Eddie's shoulder sank under it. He rolled on the floor. Nothing like the pain had ever hit him in the ring. Dimly, he could see Fabio coming.

Old Lieutenant Dope, had known, he thought. He would die here, and the bunch from headquarters would find him.

He tried to pull himself up on a barrel. Beside his hand dull metal gleamed.

Eddie picked up the gun. He closed his fist about it.

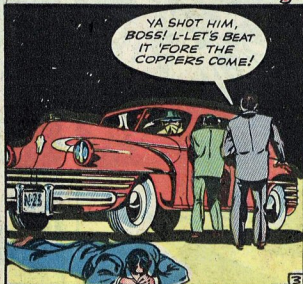
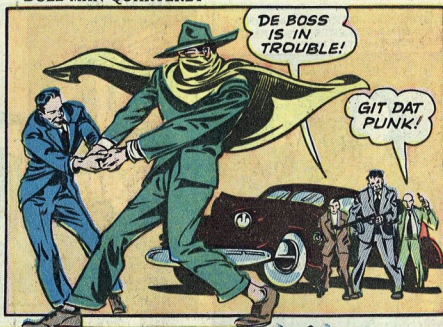
It fitted. It felt good. It was what a cop needed between him and the underworld.



REVENGE AND BRUTALITY! THEY GO HAND IN HAND WHEN THE VICIOUS MASK EMBARKS ON HIS CAMPAIGN TO TERRORIZE A CITY! THE DOLL MAN IS ALMOST BEATEN! CAN HE DEFEAT THE MASK?

EVENING... DARREL DANE AND MARTHA ROBERTS, HIS FIANCEE, LEAVE THE THEATRE...



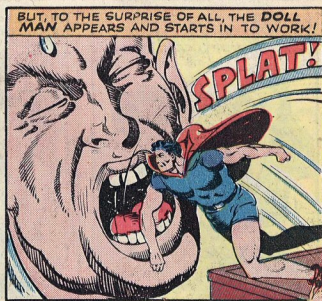






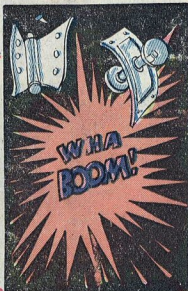
LET'S TURN AWAY FROM BEWILDERED MARTHA TO ANOTHER SECTION OF TOWN. IT IS LATE, AND NIGHTCLUBBERS FILE OUT OF RITZY CLUB 30...



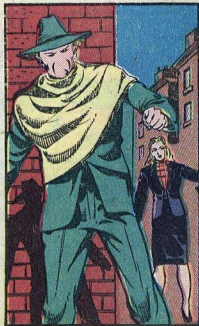
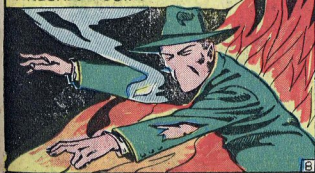




THE MASK FORGETS THE MONEY -- AND THINKS ONLY OF HIS OWN SAFETY. QUICKLY HE SNATCHES A BOMB FROM HIS POCKET -- AND READIES HIMSELF TO HURL IT...



SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, THE MASK MAKES HIS WAY FROM THE WRECKED ROOM!

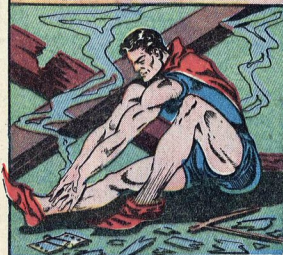


A PASSERBY SEES THE MASK!





BUT BEFORE **THE MASK** GETS TOO FAR, LET'S RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION!...



GOSH! I'M LUCKY TO HAVE SURVIVED THAT EXPLOSION!



EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! — MASK TERRORIZES CITY!



I'VE GOT TO FIND THE MASK! I'D BETTER BECOME DARREL DANE NOW!



NO SOONER HAS HE REGAINED HIS ORIGINAL FORM THAN DARREL NOTICES AN INFLAMED MOB ON THE CORNER!



THE CITY IS AT FAULT! THE MASK IS FREE AND THREATENING YOUR HOMES!



AND DARREL REALIZES THAT THE DISGUISED MASK IS INCITING THE PEOPLE TO RIOT!



DAZED AFTER BEING STRUCK DOWN, DARREL STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET AND STARTS OFF AFTER THE MOB...

**I'VE GOT
TO GET
THE MASK!**

OH, GOSH!
THEY'RE BREAKING
INTO CITY
HALL!

THE MOB HAS STORMED INTO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE AND THE MASK SEEMS TO HAVE ACCOMPLISHED HIS EVIL PURPOSE!

SOCK:

HERE! YOU C.
OOOOOH!

DON'T
LIKE IT,
EH?

GET HIM!

YOU'LL PAY
FOR THIS
OUTRAGE ---
ULG-HH!

HA-HA! THIS
REVENGE IS
WORTH WAITING
AND PLANNING
FOR!

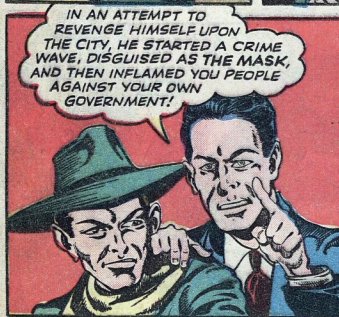
**BUT DARREL DANE HAS
AT LAST CAUGHT UP
WITH THE MOB!...**

**STOP! STOP!
MEN, YOU
CAN'T DO
THIS!**

...AND, SMASHING THROUGH THE MOB, HE GRABS THE MASK!



CALLING THE MOB'S ATTENTION TO THE TRUE IDENTITY OF THEIR LEADER, DARREL DANE THEN PULLS THE FALSE MASK OFF AND REVEALS -----



I, AS MAYOR, WISH TO BE THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE YOU, MR. DANE, FOR THE GREAT JOB YOU'VE DONE!

WHY--ER--THANKS, MR. MAYOR! IT WAS REALLY ONLY MY DUTY AS A CITIZEN!



REPORTERS INTERVIEW DANE TO GET THE INSIDE STORY...



...AND HEADLINES THAT A FEW HOURS BEFORE CARRIED BLAZING ACCOUNTS OF THE MASK'S CRIMES NOW TELL OF HIS CAPTURE! ...



THAT WAS A GREAT JOB, DARREL!

I'LL SAY!



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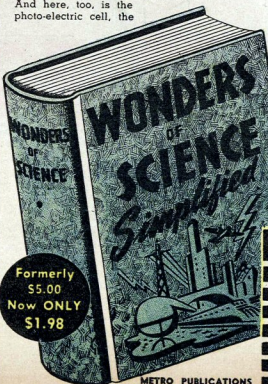
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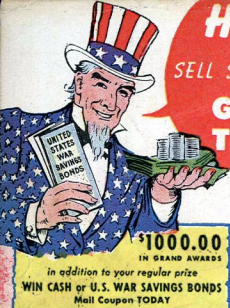


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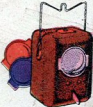
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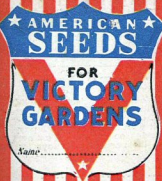
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